
THE
NIGHTINGALE.

"THE LEAST, THE LOVELIEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN."

No. XIX.—TUESDAY, JUNE 21st, '96.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

MESSRS EDITORS,

I found the inclosed piece of paper in State Street this morning. I presume the writer will never advertise it. I therefore send it to you.—Make what use of it you please.

A DIALOGUE.

Laz. COME, let's take a ramble in the Mall?

Voi. With all my heart. Your society is always pleasant to me.

Laz. 'Tis a charming evening! I just now met Miss ——. And although I like very well to ramble with you, I think I should rather ramble with her.

Voi. I never disputed your taste. But 'tis whispered, that your inducement to this preference, has some other foundation, than that of attachment to the society of the ladies.—'Tis said, your cheek is crimsoned at mention of her name—and that your heart acknowledges her charms by the most violent palpitations.

Laz. A lie! no such thing 'pon honor. Whether it be that I have not the sensibilities common to

most men, or whether the time of their development is not yet arrived, I am ignorant. But so little does any one woman interest me more than another, that I can examine and criticize upon them with real impartiality.

Voi. Ay, you insensible wretch. I shall be happy in a connexion with—with—egad I'd give a world to know who, while you are whining in celibacy. You are growing old.

Laz. Not exactly so. For I mean to be married.

Voi. The devil you do! and to whom?

Laz. That I don't know. But to some cherub or other.

Voi. Good. I'll find out who this cherub may be. There's Miss ——. What spirit—what softness—what understanding—what accomplishment, are there combined!

Laz. True. A girl of tolerable personal advantages. She has a good understanding too, but she has not made the best use of it. Her accomplishments are of small value to a husband. Besides she is obstinate and affected. On the whole, she has few attractions. He must be a submissive fellow who can dwell peaceable with her.

Voi. "May I never take the field," If I didn't think that every body was in chace of her. Well, what have you to say to Miss ——? There's delicacy, feminine softness, drawing room, and kitchen accomplishments, in abundance.

Laz. You mistake her, man, altogether. She has very little drawing room accomplishment. She has no neatness, and as for delicacy she has a vile mouth. I would as soon marry a white bear and live on a floating cake of ice in the north sea. However, she is passably benevolent; for she never utters more scandal in a day than her auditors can remember and propagate.

Voi. Damme! if you're not a censorious rascal. But I like your criticisms. What think for a che-

rub of Miss ——, with a fortune almost out of its teens?

Laz. She is a girl of good intellect. She has read much, and talk'd more; but has the misfortune to be afflicted with the romance-mania. She has some interesting qualities. Yet her dressed manners betray themselves; and her undressed manners are shocking. She would n't make a man's home a paradise.

Voi. Well, very candid. What of Miss ——? she's rich.

Laz. A good mild tempered lass. But I should balance, which to marry, her picture, or the original.

Voi. I almost despair of divining this cherub. There's the adorable, the wify Miss ——.

Laz. True, But *ne crede colori*. I have a most obdurate dread of that charmer. It seems to me that her eye scandalizes every amiable movement she makes. I fear those soft dear smiles conceal a little treachery. If she were really the girl her accents and countenance sometimes announce her for, were I alone omnipotent on earth, I would resign her my sceptre.

Voi. Upon my soul I didn't think you could say a civil thing of a woman. But as there is some doubt that this lady is the cherub, I will name Miss —— What of her fine shape, teeth, wit, small sharp eyes, and sociable to any amount, and

Laz. Nay, stop, ridiculous!

Voi. What, then you don't fancy her?

Laz. Fancy her: If her head could execute what her heart plans, I would not live in the same hemisphere with her. She dresses infamously; I don't suppose she has had five pins in her cloaths, these five months, and I always tremble when I meet her, least I should be a luckless witness of the dropping out of one of these.

Voi. You are an an amusing fellow. Miss —, what of her? she has heart melting eyes, fine complexion, good step.

Laz. True, but what are all these worth in a three month's old wife? I believe you have enumerated all her charms unless being an accomplished slut be one.

Voi. Damn your impudence! She is not a slut.

Laz. Well I won't labor the point. I don't know her much.

Voi. I have one more lady to name, Miss —.

Laz. Hold. She has no one qualification that can make her desirable as a wife. She has not probably perused a volume since she left school she never discovers the smallest brilliancy of intellect, unless in accomplishing a character, or a foible for tea-table currency. She's cheap. You may see her any time, and have her for taking away.

Voi. Pleasant character!—There's Miss —.

Laz. Ay, truly. There now is the countenance of a wife. How kind, how affectionate, how equable her temperment! Altho' accompanied with the most poignant sensibility, she is not beautiful, nor even handsome; but her physiognomy is more charming than the finest lineaments, with any imaginable attraction of color. She will be respectable in her minage, amiable and endearing by the fireside, and distinguished in the drawing room. She is very deficient, however, in dignity of manner.

Voi. I did not imagine you had so much panegyric in your composition. Is not she cherub enough for you? Dance up to her.

Laz. Not I, for two reasons—I have no penchant for yellow teeth, and 'tis said her heart leans towards our friend —.

Voi. I almost despair of matching you. But what think you of her soft-eyed companion?

Laz. I know her but little, I have heard her speak but once. She seemed to me something extra; but not perfectly well convinced that self love and id-
 cial are the same.

Voi. Ah! there's the voluptuous Miss ——.

Laz. I reverence her for her consistency, Every thing she utters, every thing she does, every sensation is as pointed to the gratification of her vanity, as the needle to the pole.

Voi. I have not named to you the sensible Miss ——.

Laz. From a woman *avowedly sensible*, good Lord deliver me. Sensible women wound my feelings, as Boston pavements wound my feet, in the dark.

Voi. Oh! I forgot to mention your old friend Miss ——, is not she a charmer?

Laz. She has a good complexion, and can make all sorts of puddings. But she walks intolerably — Sits like a rag-baby, and talks like one on fuf-
 lough from the nursery.

Voi. You are so uncharitable a wretch, that I will question you no more.

Laz. You have seen fit to institute an inquisition. If you do it again I will tell you something of more importance.

Voi. There is Miss ——, let us make up to her. Now shall I contrast your remarks of her, with those you make to her.

MESSERS EDITORS,

From a memorandum made on the wrapper of this dialouge, I am at a loss to know to whom these remarks apply. I am uncertain also in what place the ladies dwell, who are meant to be characterized. I believe the paper was dropped by a brother merchant, on the wharf. Yours, &c.

Long Wharf, No. ——.

J.

Monday Morning, 21st June.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

NEEDS EDITORS,

"I CAN'T."A FRAGMENT.

ASK the infant to repeat his catechism—I can't—says he—ask the youth to put upon his shoulders the prudent head of experienced age—I can't is his answer.—Ask the hoyden to banish dreams from her pillow—I can't, is her excuse for the imaginary violation of her chastity.—Ask the old maid to forget carnal things and look forward to those which are unseen and eternal—I can't, cries she in an agony of vexation. The fact is, we can't always do right, we can't always banish pleasing ideas—we can't forego the delusive charms of fancy and her "airy sweets" for the sober realities of a world, whose blessings we have never experienced, and of whose pleasantness, we have had only a Pisgah prospect.

Esop tells us of a waggoner, whose heavy wheels had got flumped in a slough—he called upon Hercules for help. The brawny god told him to apply his own be lily strength to extricate himself and his carriage from difficulty.—If the waggoner had said, good God Hercules, I can't, he would have rotted upon his knees and his bones would have lain in the slough till this time, for all the Deity would have done for him.

I can't, is the apology of the lazy man—tell Timberham the farmer to weed his garden—to clear his land—to plant his garden—to hoe his corn—to reap his wheat and gather in his harvest—he cannot, for why? He is better employed in draining his neigh-

ber's last year's cyder—in smoking his pipe, or settling the affairs of the nation in a bar-room. His wife wants a few pounds of flax, his daughters some necessary articles which prudent women always think of when on the brink of matrimony. He can't get them—his lands lie fallow; not on account of their prior superabundance of produce, but for lack of the proper bestowment of labor—and his daughters' husbands may purchase their own diaper, for he will not dig, and to beg it, he is ashamed.

He who answers, I can't, to a requisition, betrays at once most of the weakness and the foibles of human nature. Industry and perseverance can effect every thing but the reformation of a drunkard and the cultivation of a quicksand.

Biography.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

MESSRS EDITORS,

The following Anecdote, characteristic of FREDERICK the GREAT, may be pleasing to some of your readers; I have therefore transcribed it from "THE BEE" for their perusal. O.

"IT is well known that the late King of Prussia incurred the displeasure of his father, a harsh and barbarous soldier, by his honorable addresses to a young lady of the Court, whom the tyrant caused to be whipped under the window of the royal lover, after which the Prince resolved never to cohabit with the Princess who was destined to supplant the unhappy mistress of his genuine affection.

"This brutal insult offered by the king to the lady, to the prince his son, and to humanity, was com-

mitted by the instigation of a general officer in the king's service, whose name it may be better, on account of his respectable family, to conceal from the eye of the public.

"When after the release of the prince of Prussia from his confinement, where he laid the foundation of his future greatness, by learning wisdom in the school of adversity ; the king became sick of that malady which carried him to his grave. He sent for the prince his son to his bed-chamber, where, upon his arrival, he walked up to the royal presence with the erect and stately step of a right-hand man of a battalion, and at a considerable distance from the king he halted in the same soldierly manner. The king said, advance my son. The prince advanced. The king said, come nearer, sir. The prince came nearer. Kiss me, sir, said the king, as a son ought to salute his father. The prince knelt, and saluted his father.—"I have been thought harsh to you, sir ; and some of my worthy veteran officers have incurred your resentment, as advising my paternal discipline too strictly. I am now about to die, swear to me by God that you will forgive all those who were the causes of your discontent. I will forgive them all but One, sir, said the prince, he then knelt, and saluted his father, bowed three times, turned to the right about, and marched out *à la militaire* as he entered. The king died two days after.——Some time after the succession of the prince to the throne, he caused an intimation to be given of a general levee to his court and officers of the army, to which he sent a particular invitation to the culprit general who had advised his father to destroy his mistress.

"The general attended, and after the levee, when he saw the general retiring, he ordered him to be informed that the king forbade him to retire till he had seen him, after the court was finished. When

all were gone, the king said to the general, follow me, sir. The general, trembling, obeyed ; and as the king passed, he locked the door of communication with the anti-chamber ; and so passing slowly through the various apartments, he clicked the doors with his *pass key*, behind him ; when at last, on opening the door of the great guard-room, on the other approach to the royal apartments, the unhappy general beheld the room hung round with black, and containing all the fatal apparatus of death by the hand of an executioner, who, with an ax in his hand at the block, and two clergymen standing by, were ready to perform the sentence of the law, which, awarded by a courtmartial was put into the hand of the general by the judge-advocate. After a long pause, while the cold sweat stood on the brow of the unfortunate man, the king said, sir, you cannot but confess that punishment, though slowly has come at last, to reward your fidelity and your cruelty ; but I will not be the means of hurrying you to your exit, without giving you leisure to write your last will, and to see your family. Having said this, a long and dreadful pause ensued, suited to the king's purpose ; he said to the general, follow me, and went into an adjoining closet. He then looked with a mild but steady countenance on the general, and said, general, it is now all over. You have received your punishment, which must shew you experimentally, that the cruelty you advised my father to perpetrate was worse than a thousand murders, as murdering the finest feeling of humanity. *I forgive you.* There is your gold key again ; there is your regiment, and your place upon the staff. Learn to be humane, to forgive, and to have no future occasion for forgiveness. There is a pair of colours for your eldest son. Come to the *Caf  * to night, and thank me. Adieu.

THE NIGHTINGALE.
ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

IT is doubtful whether the Pyramids of Egypt were intended merely as monuments of regal grandeur, or whether they were not designed to perpetuate in after ages the progress then made in the science of Astronomy by that Mother of Learning and of all the Arts. The Pyramids have been thought by some, says Dr. Blair, in his "Introduction to Geography," to have been immense sun dials, in whose shadows every different declination of that great luminary would be distinctly marked. The sides of the greatest and least are certainly in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass. In this view these mighty structures become much more interesting objects of speculation, and even their size ceases to be gigantic vacuity. We are told that the base of one of them is just equal to the area of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

DR. BLAIR.

WHEN it is observed, with much truth, that the learned are disposed to be modest even in their vices, the observation must not be considered as a justification of hypocrisy. Modesty in vice is one thing, affection of the opposite virtue another. Nothing, indeed, is more detestable than this last species of deceit, and, like most other sorts of affectation, it commonly defeats its own purposes. The shop-keepers in China write over their doors "*Pau Hou*;" that is, no cheating here. Accordingly, it is well known, that every one of those honest tradesmen use false measures and false weights, and that if the magistrates should take these weights away to-day, they will make use of new ones of the same sort to-morrow.

MONS PAUW.

THE rich are equally ingenious with the learned in contriving evasions to escape from their duties. The wealthy Turks, says the above cited traveller, have an ingenious way of avoiding the severe fast in the month Ramadan, which requires them to abstain from sun rise to sun set—they sleep during the day, and live luxuriously all the night.

RUSSELL'S ALEPPO.

Learning supplies us sometimes with unexpected derivations to common sayings. The proverb, "That many things happen between the cup and the lip," may have been borrowed from the fate of Antonius, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses, as he was going to drink.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY, Lib. xxii.

ANECDOTE.

A FARMER having settled in a country village, in a little farm, gained the esteem of the whole neighbourhood. The first year was hardly expired when he lost a very fine cow, which was by much the best of all his cattle, and he was extremely mortified at it; but this was nothing to the grief which he felt in a short time afterwards, when death also took away his wife. His neighbours thought they were obliged to comfort him: Honest farmer (said one of them) do not afflict yourself, the wife you have lost was a good one, it is true, but there is as good to be had. I have three daughters, for my part; take your choice of them. Lord have mercy upon us (replied the farmer) it is better to lose one's wife than one's cow: My wife is hardly three hours dead, and here are half a dozen people already offering to supply her place for me; but when my cow died, the devil a one spoke of giving me another.

Original Poetry.

THE KNELL.

A PARODY.

THY fragrance sweet rose is wasted in vain,
 On the breath of young Zephyr that wantons in spring
 And ye birds, your soft notes can no more soothe my pain.
 For my knell has been rung, ah! ding, dong, ding!
 I am dead as a herring—my heart is as still,
 As Methuselah's bones, or David's harp-string,
 And the nymphs of the wood, where ripples the rill,
 Shed tears as they hear, the dull ding, dong, ding!!

For Phœbe, whose hair is as black as the rose,
 Whose shape is as strait as Eternity's ring,
 With a small shark-like mouth, derides all my woes,
 And laughs while the rocks echo ding, dong, ding!!!

Ye Dryades so chaste, o'er my grave strew fresh leaves,
 Torn from flowers and bushes all blooming in spring,
 And when the bare grove its ruffled charms grieves,
 Join the howl of the wolves to my sad ding, dong, ding!!

SADBOY.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

LEARNING is the knowledge of the sense of
 our predecessors.

LET the veil be sacred which death throws over
 the good.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Theorist, No. 7, is received, it shall be inserted in our
 next.

Almender is entitled to many thanks—we think his acquaintance
 with the muses borders upon intimacy.

We are under obligations to the communicator of the dialogue,
 which adorns this evening's number. We request a continuance
 of his correspondence.